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# The Games



240 31 35

## Chapter 1 by Kallaway Haystings

Its was cold. And I don't mean, like, damn its cold better grab a sweatshirt. I mean a cold that reaches all the way to your heart, slowing the path of blood to your heart till you freeze to death from lack of oxygen, but it wasn't that bad compared to what waited. All around me my teammates stood ready, visors blinking down the count as the game was about to begin. From behind the iron doors screaming and screeching came from the arena. The rules where simple, whichever team won, the survivors would be given amnesty from past crimes and pardoned. Survive the Four Trials and provide a little entertainment as well. Camera lights blinked from all around, and my wrist band lit up like a flashlight with, Blue Team no 1. on it. 35, 34, 33, 32, 31, 30, powering up my weapon I braced myself. It was going to be a long night.

## Chapter 2 by Spencer



29, 28... my gun made a faint whirring sound. It started to heat up, not enough to burn, but enough to be noticeable.

27, 26... the gun keeps on heating up. It didn't feel like it was going to stop. I'd have to find a rag or leaf to cover it, so I didn't burn myself.

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21, 20... I started to jump up and down, foot to foot. I needed my heart to be pumping, both because of the thin atmosphere and to get as many drugs circulating in my system as possible.

19, 18... I inhaled a short, abrupt breath. In the reflection of my glass enclosure, I saw my pupils grow. A surge of energy rushed through me. That was all I needed. The heat of my gun was clearly rising, enough to burn. I didn't feel it any longer, though. It was drowned out by the insane adrenaline rush.

The next 17 seconds were a blur. The drugs screwed up my perception of time so much. When my suit shocked me, the electricity didn't hurt. It was noticeable, but not painful.

"Kssshhh," the door of my pod opened, revealing the lush, multicolored jungle that I would survive in for the next 6 days.

I peaked my head out of the door. Various bodies fell limply out of their pods. The shock of the suit must have killed them. They didn't get the drugs in time.

I run out into the jungle, gun in hand.

### Chapter 3 by thatjacktansley



The jungle was dark. Really dark. I couldn't see a thing. A whirring sound rung out - my suit. It started glowing a bright cyan. The jungle lit up around me. Thinking I was safe - I figured I'd find some other people.

"Shit!" I tripped and fell, the world turning to a blur, as I plummeted down a hill. I was trapped down in this pit. Would I die this early? Less than an hour in? Despite me being trapped in this situation, I decided to at least find something there.

'Bzzt. Bzzt.'

A buzzer was heard, before a large red X passed over the image of another player. I presumed

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bullet hit the jaguar, piercing its skin and bone. The skull shattered, shrapnel of bone was splattered around the jungle.

"Fucking hell!" I yelled.

Three men walked past. Fearing the worst, I aimed my gun.

"Show yourself!" One of them said.

Deciding it was the only way to at least try to survive, I walked forward, showing myself to the men. They turned their heads, and their weapons.

"Name?" the leader of the group asked.

I replied hesitantly - "J-jack. Jack Modes."

They nodded, walking up to me.

"We're looking for someone else to join us. Three people aren't enough."

"That's great. I was too." I said.

One man of the trio was tall and lanky, the other two were of average height, yet seemed stronger. I heard a whirring soon after, before the taller man screamed in agony. He was shot. His leg had been blasted to pieces.

"RUN!" shouted one of the other men, before he was shot too.

'Bzzt. Bzzt.'

"Hmph. Going well, hm?"

#### Chapter 4 by Hannah Weinstein



I staggered backward as two of the three men collapsed before me. The survivor stared at me with a sly grin. Disbelief gripped at my mind, rendering me speechless.

"Alright, Jack. My name is Gareth. Gareth Ramirez. I won't ask you why you're here, just that you back me up. I just lost my..."

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A distant explosion shook the dense jungle around us. Water droplets spraying us from the canopies of leaves overhead.

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"Damn, that was closer than I would have liked," I muttered, shaken back into my proper senses. But before I knew it, Gareth had my hand and was dragging me forward. We dashed through the thicket as best we could without stumbling over a tree root or fallen branch.

We heard a few rings of the buzzer echo nearby, signifying deaths caused by the explosion. I'm not sure if Gareth heard them, as he didn't acknowledge them. We just kept running.

After a couple minutes, we finally paused in a small clearing. I then felt a rush of warmth spread down my leg.

"Oh, I'm hurt!"

I noticed a long tear in my combat gear, revealing a deep gash just below my knee. Blood poured from it like a faucet, the sight of which sent a dizzy tingle through my head.

"That's a knife wound," Gareth remarked calmly after a quick glance. "And I don't think the attacker is far."

That's when I heard the footsteps behind me.

### Chapter 5 by Hannah Harvey



I turned around to see....A girl? Her hair was darker than midnight itself, her face as pale as the moonlight. She was beautiful in a dangerous way, and as she slowly walked toward us, she smiled and tilted her head slightly to the side. Just enough to see the crazy glint in her eye. She laughed, cocked her gun, and shot garret in the heart. I screamed bloody murder, Literally. Everything went black.

### Chapter 6 by Laura Frost



Someone's dragging me.

By my feet, to be specific, and I can feel every bump and root of the forest. If I live to tomorrow, i will be covered in bruises. Looking up, I see the girl. She is a *lot* stronger than she looks.

"Oh good," she says, and drops my leg. It's bandaged, and the bleeding has stopped, which is very strange indeed. "You're awake."

I start running away. Yes. This is a good plan. Running away from the crazy murdering girl is a good plan. I look behind me to see if I'm running faster.

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"Stop that! Hey! I'm talking to you!"

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Yeah, not likely

"Don't go that way, you idiot!"

Like i'm gonna take advise from the girl who killed my allies-

I run face-first into the barrier that marks the end of the arena. I receive an electric shock for my troubles, and end up on the ground, twitching. The girl comes up to me, hands on her hips, and sighs. "People need to listen to me more often. Really. What about me is so untrustworthy?"

"You stabbed me!"

"Only a little."

"You killed my allies!"

"Eh. They would have died anyway."

"WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME."

"Well that's simple. I want you to fly me, my sister, and my brother out of this twisted little game. Think you can do that for me, flyboy?" She grabs my arm, hauls me to my feet, and puts a knife to my throat. "You don't really have a choice in the matter, but hey, at least i'm not going to kill you. Always better to look on the bright side, don't you think?"

She gives me a small shove, and we're on our way to who knows where, to do the impossible, and most certainly die along the way.

Great. Just great.

## Chapter 7 by Queuezle



'Right,' she muses, walking behind me and giving me little shoves whenever I fall behind a bit. 'There's a left here. I think. It might be a right.'

*Might? That's a pretty crappy escape plan.*

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*We keep going straight. There's a wonderful place for a moment, then 'Choose 1 or 2'*

*'Uh, two.'*

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I can hear her smile. 'Alright. Left it is, then.' She swings me around in a sharp left turn, almost pushing me into a vine-covered tree. 'Careful there, Flyboy' she says mockingly. 'We're going to steal a very expensive government vehicle and fly it *very* far away from here. I wouldn't want you getting concussion now.'

Not good. Really not good. If I steal a "very expensive government vehicle" and "fly it very far away from here", that'll make the crime I'm in this game for look like stealing an apple! I'll never be able to return to my world. At least in this game I get to live the rest of my life in peace and have a chance of returning, no matter how slim that chance may be.

I voice this thought, but the girl brushes it away like an annoying fly. 'Ridiculous,' she says with a flick of her dark hair. 'A "chance of returning". Give me a break. Have you ever heard of anyone actually surviving the Four Trials?'

I admitted I hadn't.

'Exactly. Remember what happened last year? There was that inescapably wall of fire. And the year before that, the arena filled with water and the only contestants left - and what a coincidence this was- didn't know how to swim. Or the year before that, with those dogs? The Officials said the dogs were trained to stop attacking, but I don't believe they were even *puppy schooled*!'

'That's no proof,' I protested, but the girl gave a harsh *shh*.

'Quiet,' she hissed, 'They're coming!'

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